

Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

DECEMBER, 1899.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE TRAMP AND THE RAILROADS.*

In eastern Prussia I once stopped to talk with a foot-sore old wanderer on the Chaussée, and told him the way the American tramp travels. "Ach, how beautiful that must be!" he exclaimed. "And to think that they would probably hang us poor fellows here in the Fatherland if we should try to ride in that fashion. In truth, son, a republic is the only place for the poor and outcast."

There had been rumors, while I was still on the road, that a day of reckoning was coming between the railroad companies and the tramps, and that when it arrived, the hobo, like the *Chaussée-grabentapezirer*, would take to the turnpikes. Life in Hoboland is so precarious that it comes natural to the inhabitants to be on the watch for impending catastrophes, and I remember that I also believed that the railroad companies would eventually stop free riding as the tramp practised it. It did not seem natural that a class of people with so little influence as the tramps should be allowed to enjoy such a privilege long; and, although I learned to ride in freight cars with as much peace of mind and often more comfort than in passenger-coaches, there was always something strange to me in the fact that I never bought a ticket. During my first trip in Hoboland, which lasted eight continuous months, I must easily

have travelled over twenty thousand miles, and there were not more than ten occasions during the entire experience when any payment was demanded of me, and on those occasions the "medium of exchange" consisted of such things as pipes, neckties, tobacco and knives. Once I had to trade shoes with a brakeman merely to get across the Missouri River, a trip which ordinarily would have cost me but ten cents; but as that was the very sum of which I was short, and the brakeman wanted my shoes, the only thing to do was to trade.

Had any one told me as I was leaving Europe, that a week after my arrival in this country, I should be "hitting the road" again, I should not have believed him. Civilization had become very dear to me in the interval that had elapsed since my last tramp trip, and it seemed to me that my vagabond days were over.

Once a vagabond, however, like the reserve Prussian soldier, a man can always be called on for duty; and it was my fate, a few days after setting foot in my native land again, to be asked by the general manager of one of our railroads to make a report to him on the tramp situation on the lines under his control. For three years he had been hard at work organizing a railroad police which was to rid the lines under his control of the tramp nuisance, and he believed that he was gradually succeeding in his task; but

* From *Tramping with Tramps*. By Josiah Flynt. Copyright, 1899, by The Century Co. Price, \$1.50.

he wanted me to go over his property and give an independent opinion of what he had done.

On no previous journey in Hoboland have I been such an object of curiosity to the tramps as on this one, when writing my weekly reports. I was dressed so badly that I could write them only in lodging-houses where vagabonds sojourn, and it usually took me a full half-hour to finish one. It availed nothing to pick out a quiet corner, for the men gathered about me the minute they thought I had written enough, and they thought this before I was half through. If they had been able to decipher my handwriting, I should probably have received pretty harsh treatment, but as they were not, they amused themselves with funny remarks. "Give 'er my love," they said. "Writin' yer will, are ye, Cigarette?" "Break the news gently." And they made other similar remarks which, if I had not been forced to write, would have smothered any literary aspirations that a lodging-house is capable of arousing. As it was, I managed to send in my reports more or less regularly, and faulty though they must have been, they served their purpose.

They told the story of the tramp situation on about two thousand miles of railroad property, situated in five different States. The reports of the first month of the investigation pertained to tramps in the neighborhood of the property I was investigating. I had not been an hour on my travels when it was made very plain to me that my employer's police force was so vigilant that it behooved me not to be caught riding trains unauthorized on his lines. Every tramp I met warned me against this particular road, and although a clause in my contract secured me the payment by the company of all fines that might be imposed upon me as a trespasser, as well as my salary during imprisonment, in case I should find it

useful for my purposes to go to jail, I found it more convenient for the first month to wander about on railroads which I knew tramps could get over. I reasoned that my experience was going to be hard enough anyhow, without having to dodge a railroad police officer every time I boarded a train, and I knew that the trespassers on neighboring lines would be able to tell me what was the general opinion in regard to my employer's road as a tramp thoroughfare. All whom I interviewed spoke of it as the hardest railroad in the United States for a tramp to beat, and I could not have learned more of the tramps' opinion of it had I remained exclusively on the property. The roads that I went over crossed and recrossed my employer's road at a number of places, and I was frequently able to see for myself that it is a closed line for trespassers.

It may interest the reader to know how I lived during the time I travelled as a tramp. Except on one occasion, when my funds gave out, I paid my way regularly so far as food was concerned. A friend sent me a postal order for a few dollars nearly every week, and I managed to live rather comfortably at lodging-house restaurants. Occasionally I would meet a pal of former years, and if he had money, or found that I had, nothing would do but we should celebrate meeting each other again, and at such times my friend in the East got word that my remittance must be hurried up somewhat; but, as a general thing, I dined fairly well on two dollars a week. For sleeping quarters I had bunks in lodging-houses, benches in police stations, and "newspaper beds" in railroad sand houses. I chose one of these places as circumstances suggested. If there was nothing to be gained in the way of information by going to a sand-house or a police station, I took in a lodging-house, if one was handy. Once I slept

in the tramp ward of a poorhouse, and never had I spent a more disagreeable night. A crowd of tramps to which I had attached myself had used up their welcome in a town where there were three police stations, and it had been arranged that on the night in question we should all meet at the tramp ward of the poorhouse. A negro was the first one to get there and a more frightened human being than he was when the rest of us put in an appearance it would be hard to imagine. We found him in a cold cellar, absolutely without light, and furnished with nothing but an immense bench, about four feet wide, four feet high and ten feet long. In Siberia itself I have never seen a gloomier hole for men to pass a night in.

"I turned up here 'bout five o'clock," the negro said, "'n' they sent me to the smokin'-room, where them lunny blokes was smokin' their pipes. I never knew before that they sent lunny people to poorhouses, 'n' I couldn't understand it. I told one of 'em what I was there for, 'n' he told me that this cellar down here has ghosts in it. Well, o' course, I ain't 'feared o' ghosts in most places, but, by jiminy, when the keeper came 'n' put me down here 'n' left me in the cold 'n' dark, somehow or other I got to thinkin' o' that lunny bloke's stories, 'n' I jus' had to holler. W'y, I never felt so queer before in my life. Suppose I'd gone crazy; w'y, I could 'a' sued the county for damages; couldn't I? Don't you ever soogest any more poorhouses to me; I don't wonder people goes crazy in 'em." When the crowd first saw the negro, he was shouting at the top of his voice: "Spirits! Spirits! There's spooks down here!"

We all spent a most miserable night in the cellar, and I doubt whether any one of us would willingly seek shelter there again.

Indeed, when the first month of my investigation was over, and war had

been declared with Spain, it seemed to me that I had gone through so much and was so hardened that I could go to Cuba and worry through all kinds of trouble. I have since regretted that I did not go, but, at the time, I had become so interested in the work, that, when I returned to my employer for further orders, and he said to me, "Well, now that you have satisfied me in regard to the attitude of the tramp toward the company's property, suppose you satisfy yourself concerning the attitude of the company toward the tramp," I readily fell in with the suggestion. To make my final report complete it was obvious that I ought to get an insight into the workings of my employer's police force, and for the second month he gave me permission to travel on freight-trains, engines and passenger-trains, and a letter introducing me to the different employees of the company with whom I was likely to come in contact. With these credentials I was able to circulate freely over the property, to inquire minutely into the work of the police department, to meet the local magistrates, and particularly the jail- and workhouse-keepers. It was also possible for me to make an actual count of the trespassers who were daring enough to attempt to travel on this closed road.

This work was not so tedious and dangerous as that of the first month, and there were more comforts to be enjoyed; but I had to be up at all hours of the night, and the bulk of my time was spent in train-riding. After thirty days of almost constant travel I was convinced, first, that the tramps had told the truth about the road, and that it is exceedingly difficult to trespass on it, with impunity; second, that although the police force is not perfect (none is), it was doing exceptionally good work in freeing the community of tramps and beggars. It differs from ordinary railroad police forces in that it is sys-

tematically organized and governed. In dealing with tramps and trespassers the plan is to keep up a continuous surveillance of them, and they are taken off trains one by one, day after day, rather than in squads of fifty and sixty, with no more effort in this direction for weeks and sometimes months, as is the prevailing custom on most railroads. There is consequently very little crowding of magistrates' courts and jails, and the taxpayers are not forced to board and lodge a great collection of vagabonds. I was also impressed with the fact that the force is on friendly relations with municipal and village police organizations along the road, and has the respect of com-

munities formerly at the mercy of a constantly increasing army of hoboes.

So much for my personal experience and finding in this latest investigation in "trampology;" it was as interesting a tramp trip as I have ever made, and I learned more about the best methods to employ in attacking the tramp problem in this country than on any previous journey. It is now my firm belief that, if the tramps can be kept off the railroads, their organization will become so unattractive that it will never appeal to men as it has done in the past. No other country in the world transports its beggars from place to place free of charge, and there is no reason why this country should do so.

THE EVOLUTION OF TOLERANCE.*

Until quite modern times toleration was found only in union with indifference. In religious matters the Gallo, who "cared for none of those things," might refuse to play the part of a persecutor, but the most devout and disinterested zeal for religion was apt to be combined with more or less of fanatical intolerance. Various causes from time to time contributed to this, but the deepest and most abiding cause was the imperfect separation between religion and politics. If we carry our thoughts back to primeval ages, we see that there was no such separation; religious life and civil life were identical. The earliest glimpses we can get of the human race show us nowhere anything like a nation, but everywhere small tribes perpetually encroaching upon one another, and perpetually fighting to escape annihilation.

The state of things among the American Indians of the seventeenth century may serve to illustrate what had been going on over a large part of the earth's surface for at least 300,000 or 400,000 years. From the Australian stage of human existence up to the Iroquois stage there was in many respects an enormous advance toward civilization, but the omnipresence of exterminating warfare continued, and enables us to understand that feature of primeval times. In such a stage of society almost every act of tribal life is invested with religious significance, and absolute conformity to tribal rules and observances is enforced with pitiless rigor. The slightest neglect of an omen, for example, might offend some tutelary deity and bring on defeat; it is therefore, unhesitatingly, punished with death. It is an important part in the duties of the medicine-men to take cognizance of the slightest offences and lapses. In early society the en-

* From *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*. By John Fiske. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$4.00.

forced conformity relates chiefly to matters of ritual and ceremony; questions of dogma arise at a later stage, after a considerable development in human thinking. But to whatever matter the enforcement of conformity relates, there can be no doubt as to the absolute necessity of it in early society. No liberty of divergence can be allowed to the individual without endangering the community.

As a kind of help toward the illustration of this point, let me cite a familiar instance of persecution in modern times, and in a highly civilized community, where some of the conditions of primitive society had been temporarily reproduced. In 1636 there were about 5000 Englishmen in New England, distributed in more than twenty villages, mostly on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, but some as remote as the Connecticut River. Such a concerted Indian assault upon them as was actually made forty years later, in King Philip's war, might have overwhelmed them. Such an assault was contemplated by the Pequots and dreaded throughout the settlements, and the train-bands were making ready for war, when a certain number of Boston men refused to serve. There were a few persons of influence in Boston called Antinomians, of whom the one best remembered is Anne Hutchinson. According to them, it made a great difference to one's salvation whether one were under a "covenant of grace," or only under a "covenant of works." The men who, in a moment of supreme peril to the Commonwealth, refused to march against the enemy, alleged as a sufficient reason that they suspected their chaplain of being under a "covenant of works," and therefore would not serve with him. Under such circumstances Mrs. Hutchinson and the other Antinomians were banished from Boston. A disagreement upon a transcendental question of theology was breeding se-

dition and endangering the very existence of the state. Those who defend the government of Massachusetts for banishing Mrs. Hutchinson rest their defence upon such grounds. Without feeling called upon to decide that question, we can see that the case is historically instructive in a high degree.

Now, when we come to early society, the military urgency is incessant and imperative, and all other things must yield to it. It is sustained by the feeling of corporate responsibility, which is universal among tribal communities. The tribe is regarded as responsible for the acts of each one of its individuals. Religious sanctions and penalties are visited upon everything. What we call conventionalities are in the tribal state of society regarded as sacraments, and thus the slightest infringement is liable to call down upon the whole tribe the wrath of some offended tutelary deity, in the shape of defeat, or famine, or pestilence. In such a stern discipline there is no room for divergence or dissent. And such was undoubtedly the kind of training under which all our ancestors were reared, from far-off ages of which only a geologic record remains down to the mere yesterday that witnessed the building of the pyramids. Under such rigid training were formed, through wave after wave of conquest, the great nations of pre-Christian times.

It is not strange that it has taken the foremost races of men three or four thousand years to free themselves from the tyranny of mental habits which had been ingrained into them for three or four hundred thousand. A careful study of the history of religious persecution shows us that sometimes politics and sometimes religion have been most actively concerned in it. The persecution of Christians by the Roman emperors was chiefly political, because Christianity asserted a dominion over men paramount to that of the emperor.

The persecution of the Albigenses by Pope Innocent III. was largely political, because that heresy threatened the very continuance of the Papacy as part of the complex government of mediæval Europe. Innocent, like the heathen emperors, was fighting in self-defence. So, too, a considerable part of the mutual persecutions of Catholics and Protestants in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was simply downright warfare, in which A kills B to prevent B from killing A. But if we consider the nature of the religious motives that have entered into persecution, whether they have been dominating motives or have simply been enlisted in furtherance of political ends, we find that they have always been rooted in the ancient notion of corporate responsibility. Let us get rid of the unclean thing lest we be cursed for its sake; such has been the feeling which has, more than anything else, sustained persecution. The Spanish prelates, for example, who urged the banishment of the Moriscos, loudly asseverated that the failure to suppress the Dutch Netherlands was a mark of God's displeasure that such people were allowed to stay in Spain. Was God likely to aid the Spaniards in exterminating infidels abroad while they were so sinful as to harbor infidels in their own country? So, when Queen Mary Tudor was led by domestic disappointment to fancy herself undergoing divine punishment, she quickly reached the conclusion that she had not been sufficiently zealous in purging the kingdom of heresy, and this particular act of logic kindled the flames for more than fifty Protestants. In the sixteenth century this way of looking at things (which I now take pains to explain to my readers) would not have needed a word of explanation for anybody; it was simply a piece of plain common-sense, self evident to all.

Now, inasmuch as this notion of cor-

porate responsibility is a survival from the very infancy of the human race, since the rigorous restriction of individuality persisted through countless generations of men to whom it proved indispensably useful, it is not strange that, since it has come to be recognized as harmful and stigmatized as persecution, it has been found so hard to kill. The conditions of tribal society long ago ceased to exist in Europe. Instead of tribes, the foremost races of men are organized in a complicated fashion as nations; instead of tutelary deities, they have reached sundry more or less imperfect forms of monotheism; and with the advance of knowledge the conception of natural law has destroyed a host of primitive superstitions. Religion is no longer in the old materialistic way, but in a much higher and more spiritual way, implicated with each act of life. Part of this great change is due to the mighty influence exerted by the mediæval Church, as a spiritual power distinct from, and often opposed to, the temporal power. In Christianity the separation of church from state took its rise; and while religion was made an affair of mankind, not of localities or tribes, the importance of the individual was greatly increased.

Now, if we look at religious persecution from the point of view of modern society, it is easy to see that it is an unmitigated evil. The evolution of a higher civilization can best be attained by allowing to individual tastes, impulses and capacities the freest possible play. Procrustes-beds are out of fashion; we no longer think it desirable that all people should act alike. From a Darwinian standpoint we recognize that an abundance of spontaneous variation is favorable to progress. A wise horticulturist sees signs of promise in many an aberrant plant and carefully nurtures it. If you wish to produce a race of self-reliant, inventive and enter-

prising Yankees, you must not begin by setting up a winnowing machine for picking out and slaughtering all the men and women who are bold and bright enough to do their own thinking and earnest enough to talk about it to others. Such an infernal machine was the Inquisition; it weeded out the sturdiest plants and saved the weaker ones, thus lowering the average capacity of the people wherever it was in vigorous operation. As a rule, it has

been persons of a progressive type who have become objects of persecution, and when they have fled from their native land they have added strength to the country that has received them. In the history of what has been done by men who speak English, it is a fact of cardinal importance that England has never had an Inquisition, but has habitually sheltered religious refugees from other countries.

THE SQUIRE IN THE STOCKS.*

"Yer see," explained the constable, "they voted that there shouldn't be no more of the king's law till we wuz more sartin of the king's justice, an' any feller as opposed that 'ere resolution wuz to be held an enemy to his country, an' treated as such. That ain't the persition I'm ambeetious ter hold, an' so I didn't open the court-house."

"What?" gasped Mr. Meredith. "Are ye all crazy?"

"Mebbe we be," spoke up one of the listeners, "but we ain't so crazy by a long sight as him as issued that." The speaker pointed at the king's proclamation, and then, either to prove his contempt for the symbol of monarchy, or else to show the constable how much better shot he was, he neatly squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice full upon the royal arms.

"As justice of the peace, I order ye to open this door, constable," called the squire.

The constable pulled out a bunch of keys, and tossed it in the snow, saying, "'Tain't fer me to say there shan't be no sittin' of the court, an' if yer so set on tryin', why, try."

* From *Janice Meredith*. By Paul Leicester Ford. Copyright, 1899, by Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.50.

The squire deliberately went down two steps to get the keys, but the remaining six he took at one tumble, having received a push from one of the loafers back of him, which sent his heavy body sprawling in the snow, his whip, hat and, worst of all, his wig, flying in different directions. In a moment he had risen, cleared the snow from his mouth and eyes, and recovered his scattered articles, but it was not so easy to recover his dignity, and this was made the more difficult by the discovery that the bunch of keys had disappeared.

"Who took those keys?" he roared as soon as he could articulate, but the only reply the question produced was laughter.

"Don't you wherrit yourself about those keys, squire," advised Bagby. "They're safe stowed where they won't cause no more trouble. And since that is done with, we'd like to settle another little matter with you that we was going to come over to Greenwood about to-day, but seeing as you're here, I don't see no reason why it shouldn't be attended to now."

"What's that?" snapped the squire.

"The meeting kind of thought things

looked squawlish abroad, and that it would be best to be fixed for it, so I offered the resolution that the town buy twenty half-barrels of grain, and that—"

"Grain!" exclaimed the squire. "What in the nation can ye want with grain?"

"As we are all friends here, I'll tell you confidential sort, that we put it thataways, so as the resolutions needn't read too fiery, when they was published in the Gazette. But the folks all knew as the grain was to be a black grain, that's not very good eating."

"Why, this is treason!" cried Mr. Meredith. "Gunpowder! That's—"

"Yes. Gunpowder," continued the spokesman, quite as much to the now concentrated crowd as to the questioner. "We reckon the time's coming when we'll want it swingeing bad. And the meeting seemed to think the same way. For they voted that resolution right off, and appointed me and Phil Hennion and Mr. Wetman a committee to raise a levy and buy it."

"Think ye a town meeting can lay a tax levy?" contemptuously demanded Mr. Meredith. "None but the—"

"Tisn't to be nothing but a voluntary contribution," interrupted Bagby, grinning broadly, "and no man's expected to give more than his proportion, as settled by his last rates."

"An' no man's expected to give less, nuther," said a voice back in the crowd.

"So, if you've nine pounds seven and four with you, squire," went on Bagby, "'twill save you a special trip over to pay it."

"I'll see ye all damned first!" retorted the squire, warmly. "Why don't ye knock me down and take my purse, and have done with it?"

"'Twould be the sensible thing with such a tarnal cross tyke," shouted some one.

"Everything fair and orderly is the way we work," continued the commit-

tee man. "But we want that nine pounds odd, and 'twill be odd if we don't get it."

"You'll not get it from me," asserted the squire, turning to walk away.

As he did so half a dozen hands were laid upon his arms from behind, and he was held so firmly that he could not move.

"Shall we give him a black coat, Joe?" asked some one.

"No," negatived Bagby. "Let's see if being a 'babe in the wood' won't be enough to bring him to reason."

The slang term for occupants of the stocks was quite suggestive enough to produce instant results. The squire was dragged back till his legs were tripped from under him by the frame, the bunch of keys, which suddenly reappeared, served to unlock the upper board, and before the victim quite realized what had transpired, he was safely fastened in the ignominious instrument. Regrettable as it is to record, Mr. Meredith began to curse in a manner highly creditable to his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, but quite the reverse of his moral nature.

So long as the squire continued to express his rage and to threaten the bystanders with various penalties, the crowd stood about in evident enjoyment, but anger that only excites amusement in others very quickly burns itself out, and in this particular case the chill of the snow on which the squire was sitting, was an additional cause for a rapid cooling. Within two minutes his vocabulary had exhausted itself, and he relapsed into silence. The fun being over the crowd began to scatter, the older ones betaking themselves indoors, while the youngsters waylaid Charles, as he came from hitching the horses, and suggested a drill.

The bondsman shook his head, and walked to the squire. "Any orders, Mr. Meredith?" he asked.

"Get an axe and smash this —thing to pieces."

"They would not let me," replied the man, shrugging his shoulders. "Hadst best do as they want, sir. You can't fight the whole country."

"I'll never yield," fumed the master.

Charles again shrugged his shoulders, and, walking back to the group, said, "Get your firelocks."

In five minutes forty men were in line on the green, and as the greatest landholder of the county sat in the stocks, in a break-neck attitude, with a chill growing in fingers and toes, he was forced to watch a rude and disorderly attempt at company drill, superintended by his own servant. It was a clumsy, wayward mass of men, and frequent revolts from orders occurred, which called forth sharp words from the drill-master. These in turn produced retorts or jokes from the ranks that spoke ill for the discipline, and a foreign officer, taking the superficial aspect, would have laughed to think that such a system could make soldiers. Further observation and thought would have checked his amused contempt, for certain conditions there were which made these men formidable. Angry as they became at Fownes, not one left the ranks, though presence was purely voluntary, and scarce one of them—ill armed though he might be, but was able to kill a squirrel or quail at thirty paces.

When the drill had terminated, a result due largely to the smell of cooking which began to steal from the house facing the green, Charles drew Bagby aside, and, after a moment's talk, the two, followed by most of the others, crossed to the squire.

"Mr. Meredith," said Charles, "I've passed my word to Bagby that you'll pay your share if he'll but release you, and that you won't try to persecute him. Wilt back up my pledge?"

The prisoner, though blue and faint with cold, shook his head obstinately.

"There! I told you how it would be," sneered Bagby.

"But I tell you he'll be frosted in another hour. 'Twill be nothing short of murder, man."

"Then let him contribute his share," insisted Bagby.

"'Tis unfair to force a man on a principle."

"Look here," growled Bagby. "We are getting tired of your everlasting hectoring and attempting to run everything. Just because you know something of the manual don't make you boss of the earth."

The bondsman glanced at the squire and urged, "Come, Mr. Meredith, you'd better do it. Think how anxious Mrs. Meredith will be, aside from you probably taking a death cold, or losing a hand or foot."

At last the squire nodded his head, and without more ado Bagby stooped and unlocked the log. Mr. Meredith was so cramped that Charles had to almost lift him to his feet, and then give him a shoulder into the public room of the tavern, where he helped him into a chair before the fire. There the servant called to the publican:

"A joram of sling for Mr. Meredith, and put an extra pepper in it."

"That sounds pretty good," said Bagby. "Just make that order for the crowd, and the squire'll pay for it."

While the favorite drink of the period was sizzling in the fire, Mr. Meredith recovered enough to pull out his purse and pay up the debatable levy. A moment later the steaming drink was poured into glasses, and Bagby said:

"Now, squire, do the thing up handsome by drinking to the toast of Liberty."

"I'll set you a better toast than that," offered the bondsman.

"'Tain't possible," cried one of the crowd.

The servant raised his glass, and, "That's a toast we can all drink," responded Bagby, "just as often as some
 "Here's to liberty and fair play, gen-one'll pay for the liquor."
 tlemen."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Doubleday & McClure Co. have in press an authorized "Kipling Birthday Book," the selections in which are in part from uncollected material.

Mr. Lecky has given the curiously didactic title "The Map of Life: Conduct and Character" to his latest volume of essays, which the Longmans publish.

"The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley," written and edited by his son, Mr. Leonard Huxley, is nearly ready, and will be published by the Macmillans.

The two volumes of Stevenson letters which the Scribners are soon to publish, will contain nearly twice as many epistles as have appeared in Scribner's Magazine.

A novel anthology of English verse is promised for this season. It is to be called "The King's Lyrics," and will contain verse covering the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Miss Marguerite Bouvet's "Tales of an Old Chateau," soon to be published by A. C. McClurg & Co., is a series of tales of the French Revolution, supposed to be told by an aristocratic French lady to her grandchildren.

An Irish Anthology, on the plan of Ward's English Poets, which is promised for this fall, is to be enriched

with critical notices by Stopford Brooke, Lionel Johnson, W. B. Yeats and other competent and sympathetic writers.

Mr. J. E. C. Bodley is reported to be busily engaged upon a new volume of his work on France, which is to deal with the Church and with the religious feelings and practices of the French. He is writing in his home at Biarritz, where he has lived for ten years.

"The Splendid Porsenna," the new story by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Marion Crawford's sister, which the J. B. Lippincott Company are about to publish, does not deal with Japan, as the author's previous books have done, but with society in modern Rome, which her brother has depicted in some of his most successful books.

There is some curiosity as to where John Morley, busy as he is with the Gladstone biography, found time to write the life of Cromwell, which the Century promises for its historical serial next year. But the work is certain to be carefully done, and to be written in Mr. Morley's luminous and delightful style. It is one of the most alluring magazine announcements for the year.

Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay's "History of American Privateers," which

the Appletons will soon publish, is the first serious attempt to tell, with detail and accuracy, the romantic and important story of this phase of maritime warfare. Mr. Maclay's researches in connection with his "History of the United States Navy" led him naturally to the study of this kindred subject, and readers of his earlier work will approach this with an assurance of finding it interesting and profitable.

The Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, who publish James Whitcomb Riley's prose and verse in nine dainty volumes, have ready a new Riley book, compiled, however, from the old. This is called "Riley's Love Lyrics," and contains selections from some of Mr. Riley's most popular poems, illustrated with fifty or more studies from life by William Buckingham Dyer. They also publish a new and enlarged edition of "Riley Child Rhymes."

The title of Mrs. Burnett's new novel, which is nearly ready from the press of the Scribners, is "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim." The "claim" in question is one long pending before Congress, and its inside history will afford Mrs. Burnett a chance to utilize her ample knowledge of Washington political life. The novel marks a return to the scenes which she pictured so vividly in her "Through One Administration."

Apropos of the recent dramatization of "Becky Sharp," a writer in the Manchester Guardian recalls the fact that Thackeray has before suffered from the adapter: Mr. Yellowplush having been once turned into a hero of burlesque, while "Esmond" has been thrice dramatized. Thackeray himself never tried to dramatize any of his novels; but he made one attempt of the opposite kind. He wrote a play called

"The Wolves and the Lamb" which no managers would do more than look at: and then philosophically turned it into the story of "Lovel the Widower."

"Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen" is marked by the same shrewd wit, the same rich brogue, and the same keen, but good-humored satire which characterized the earlier volume which exhibited the philosopher of Archey Road "In peace and in war." It seems likely to enjoy equal popularity. The five elucidations of the Dreyfus case appeal irresistibly to all who followed the evidence in the affair. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

Hard upon the heels of its more pretentious comrades in the field of Spanish war literature comes a diminutive but convincing little book bearing the name "Patriotic Nuggets," and sent out by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. It does not concern itself directly with the last war, however. Rather it brings to bear upon present-day problems the opinions and conclusions of such patriotic authorities as Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Lincoln and Beecher, gathered together by John R. Howard; and as a collection of the most impressive utterances of these men it will find a welcome.

Anything daintier than the volumes in the Thumb-Nail series of The Century Co. with their narrow pages, exquisite typography and full stamped leather binding, it would not be easy to produce. The latest additions to it are "Selections from the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," newly translated into English by Benjamin Smith; and Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which is furnished with an introduction by Joseph Jefferson, whose stage interpretation of "Rip Van Winkle" lends special interest to these comments. Each

little volume has two illustrations, and the covers are in each case stamped with appropriate symbols.

Christian Science is variously viewed, but the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, in his little volume entitled "Christian Science and Other Superstitions," (The Century Company) leaves no doubt where he classes it. The two trenchant and caustic papers on Faith-Healing, and "Christian Science" and "Mind-Cure," which occupy most of the volume, were first printed in the Century Magazine, where they attracted much comment. To them the author has added a brief supplemental paper in which he reviews the recent failures of "Christian Science." Dr. Buckley brings to the discussion of these subjects a sane mind and a pungent style.

There have been many attempts to re-cast the Bible narratives into forms supposed to be more satisfactory for children's reading; and comparatively few of these have succeeded in retaining anything of the dignity and genuine simplicity of the stories as originally told. But a study of the life of Paul, by George Ludington Weed (George W. Jacobs & Co.), is singularly well adapted to its purpose. This "Life of Saint Paul for the Young" is at once pleasing, forcible and consecutive. In following Paul's career from boyhood on, it introduces many interesting details which will make the other New Testament heroes more real and human to a child's thought. The book is freely illustrated and contains excellent maps as well.

It is unusual to find a romance that is interesting both as a piece of historical writing and as a character study. The new revolutionary story by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, "Janice Meredith" which Dodd, Mead & Co. publish,

draws life-like pictures of Washington, of the younger soldiers on his staff, of Howe and Cornwallis, while it follows the events of history more absorbingly than most novels of the sort. But the study of the heroine, the wilful, inexperienced young daughter of a wealthy Tory land-holder, and the gradual tracing of her development from a childish and wayward indecision into a strength of will able to decide between the respective merits of a whole collection of would-be lovers, British, Tory and patriot, is as cleverly done as if it were the only interest of the tale. The placing of this vacillating little figure against the stern background of war is as artistic as it is entertaining.

Two interesting historical tales of the autobiographical type, and both having a certain connection with French history, are published by L. C. Page & Co. One of them, "The Knight of the King's Guard," by Ewan Martin, is a modest and decidedly vigorous account of the manner in which a young English yeoman rose to the dignity of knighthood and won, after the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, what he valued more than spurs. The other romance, "Lally of the Brigade," by L. McManus, deals with a later period and opens with a scene at the death-bed of James II., when a young officer of the Irish brigade, then in the service of Louis XIV., becomes involved in a romantic adventure which has to do with the carrying of two sorts of private despatches. The story has an intricate plot in which the mysteries of a formidable secret society and a baffling love affair are prominent.

Magazine readers have wondered a little at the caprice which led Oscar Fay Adams to write five several short stories, each with a bishop or archbishop for its central figure. But,

having written so many, what more natural than that he should write two more, and then gather them all together for us between tempting grey mitred and croziered covers? "The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment" (L. C. Page & Co.) will while away a leisure evening pleasantly for those who enjoy slight plots, much local color, an easy style and satire clever, if a little exaggerated. But it is to be regretted that for the last story of the book Mr. Adams should have chosen a theme which it was scarcely fitting to treat with the light touch so attractive in the others.

A novelist has recently complained, with entire justice and some bitterness, of the practice which some reviewers have of disclosing the dénouement of a plot. With writers of the class of Anna Katherine Green, for example, with whom style is nothing and the plot everything, such a practice is a kind of literary larceny which ought to be actionable. It is nearly as annoying to the reader as to the author, for no one wants a premature disclosure of the plot of a story which he contemplates reading.

A critic in the Glasgow Evening News resents the recent assertion of Miss Findlater that only the part of Scotland between the Peebles and Gallo way had not been appropriated by fiction writers. He contends that the greater part of Scotland is yet to be written about; that the midlands have not yet produced their novelist; and that Edinburgh and Glasgow are a field untouched in modern literary art. If this suggestion leads to a revival of Kailyard literature, doubtless the writer will repent having made it.

It is prudence in the sense of "looking out for number one" that the heroine of J. S. Fletcher's "The Paths of

the Prudent" (L. C. Page & Co., publishers,) exemplifies to an astounding degree. In the language of the phrenologist who, early in her career, foretells her natural bent, this young woman, Dorinthia Evadne Clementine Annwell, is "a human being in whom Self is being developed to an Alarming and Abnormal degree." The development of this singular character, 'he progress of Dorinthia from a parlormaid to a lady-like and captivating barmaid, her discretion in the handling of her would-be lovers, and her final evolution into a being the sight of whom plunges the phrenologist into deep and painful thoughts, is elaborately and certainly cleverly portrayed. If the heroine is abnormal, the men in the book are not, and most of them have a sturdy honesty that well offsets the cool selfishness of the one woman in the story.

The art of telling a sea-faring tale must have nearly reached its height when the charm and the composure of its style render even improbabilities quite probable and necessary. All the excitement that a healthily adventurous spirit could ask for is to be met with in Mr. W. Clark Russell's latest story published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., and called "Rose Island," which is not a place, but a girl. The action cannot begin until this girl, a heroine of many fascinations, has fallen overboard from one ship and been rescued by another. Then it begins in a matter-of-fact fashion that almost convinces one of the truth of every word. The chief interest is the love affair between Rose and the captain's son, who has saved her life, and a romance most critically beset by perils of pirates it proves to be. The hero of the book is very far from a pirate, however, and the conclusion justifies one in calling the tale none too harrowing for enjoyment.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Archbishop's Unguarded Moment, The. By Oscar Fay Adams, L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Autumn Lane, An. By Will T. Hale. Publishing House M. E. Church, South. Nashville, Tenn.
- Bushnell, Horace, Preacher and Theologian. By Theodore T. Munger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Deficient Saints. By Marshall Saunders. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Dooley, Mr., in the Hearts of his Countrymen. By F. P. Dunne. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Drives and Puts. By Walter Camp and Lillian Brooks. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Emerson, Letters of, to a Friend. 1838-1853. Edited by Charles Elliot Norton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Egypt, Present-day. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. The Century Co.
- Gentleman Player, A. By Robert Neilson Stephens. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker. By S. Weir Mitchell. Continental Edition. Illustrated. Two volumes. The Century Co. Price \$5.
- Invisible Links. Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Little, Brown & Co.
- Janice Meredith. By Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Knight of the King's Guard, The. By Ewan Martin. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Lally of the Brigade. By L. McManus. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Lanier, Sidney, Letters of. Edited by Mary Day Lanier. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.00.
- London, A Looker-on in. By Mary H. Krout. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Loveliness. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Illustrated by Sarah S. Stillwell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Madame Lambelle. By Gustave Toudouze. (Romans Choisis.) William R. Jenkins. Price \$.60.
- Manders. By Elwin Barron. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Master-Idea, The. By Raymond L. Bridgman. The Pilgrim Press. Price \$1.50.
- Maximilian in Mexico. By Sarah Y. Stevenson. A Woman's Reminiscences of the French Intervention, 1862-67. The Century Co. Price \$2.50.
- My Smoking-Room Companions. By William Harvey King. Thomas Whittaker. Price \$1.00.
- Night has a Thousand Eyes, The. By F. W. Bourdillon. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.00.
- On General Thompson's Staff. By Byron A. Dunn. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.
- On Trial. By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.
- Fletcher L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Fletcher. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Photography, Amateur. By W. I. Lincoln Adams. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.25.
- 'Postle Farm. By George Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Religio Pictoris. By Helen Bigelow Merriman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Robespierre. The Story of Sardou's Play. By Ange Galdemar. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Saints in Art. By Clara Erskine Clement. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Siren City. By Benjamin Swift. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Ten Words, The. A Study of the Commandments. By Rev. Charles Caverno. The Pilgrim Press. Price \$1.00.
- Trall of the Sandhill Stag, The. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.
- Tramping With Tramps. By Josiah Flynt. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.
- Vizier of the Two-horned Alexander, The. By Frank R. Stockton. The Century Co. Price \$1.25.
- Where Angels Fear to Tread. By Morgan Robertson. The Century Co. Price \$1.25.

